

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

No. 24.

VOL. VI.]

New-York....Saturday, April 9....1808.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE HISTORY OF

A MAN OF THE MODE.

A SKETCH OF REAL LIFE UNDER
FICTITIOUS NAMES.

(Continued.)

YOU now, therefore, behold the young Sir ——— on his travels in the style, suite, and equipage of an English gentleman ;—a Scotch tutor, an infidel and an apostate, a disciple of Hume, and an *élève* of Smith—a French dancing master, and an Italian mistress ! Add to this an allowance of two thousand a year, and such a confidence in the blind indulgence of his father, that he would not hesitate, upon occasion, to draw upon him to one half of the amount of his estate ; and you have a finished image of the young Sir ——— upon his grand tour : nor indeed of him alone—*ex uno disce omnes* ; he may stand for the whole class of his country—our young travelling nobles.

The travels of our hero were not without their full fruit and effect ; he had, indeed, too much spirit and too much money not to reap the usual benefits of the grand tour. With the happy industry of

the bee, he collected something upon every ground ; and with so much ardour did he apply to these attainments, that he was soon celebrated in every country as one who possessed, in the highest degree, what was considered as their peculiar vice, and as it were, characteristic disgrace. Thus, whilst in France, he outdid the court itself in a studied inconsistency of his performance with his professions ; he no sooner obtained an introduction into a family, than, remembering his favourite and model, Chesterfield, he cultivated the good graces of the females, and repaid the kindness of his host with seduction or adultery. An affair of this nature occasioned a challenge :—our traveller had something of our national courage ; he delayed not, therefore, to meet the injured husband, and, to use his own expression, being a tolerable marksman, shot him through the head ! the guilty wife, the cause of this rather unlucky adventure, had traced the combatants to the spot ; she arrived at the moment in which her injured husband received the ball of his adversary, and her arms grasped his dying body. The young Sir ———, with his usual courtly politeness, advanced to conduct her to a more pleasing scene ; but though the approach was made

A A

with all his usual grace, and according to the strict rules of Chesterfield, the lady repulsed him with a look of horror, and still further increased his astonishment by a torrent of the most passionate reproach. She accused him of having availed himself of one of her unguarded moments—one of her moments of levity and irregular passion, and thus betrayed her into this crime against her husband—a husband whom she loved in the same degree in which she had ever despised, and now abhorred his murderer!

The young Sir ——— was agast with astonishment :——he doubted, however, the sincerity of this address ; and to put it to the proof, again renewed his intreaties. The lady, however, again repelled him ; and perceiving a brace of pistols yet undischarged laying upon the ground, she seized them, and presenting one towards the breast of her seducer—

“ But we will not die unrevenged !” exclaimed she, “ nor shalt thou survive to triumph !”

Saying this, she discharged the pistol, and the young Sir ——— fell to all appearance dead. The remaining pistol she presented, and discharged into her own bosom. Its effect, as may well be supposed, was immediate ; she fell upon the body of her husband, threw her arms around his neck, and pressing him to her heart, now

in the convulsions of death, breathed her last in his arms !

You will now, perhaps, enquire what was the situation of our traveller, who had fallen to every appearance breathless, from the ball of the repentant subject of his seduction : the ball, indeed, had entered his body, and the future premier had never revived to open a budget, had not the happy fate of the nation, or of himself, brought his Scotch tutor to the spot of combat. This gentleman had too much philosophy to be extravagantly agitated by any thing ; he could not, however, survey the field, and the three bodies, without some emotion, both of surprise and alarm. As he was of that Scotch philosophy which considers self-love as the centre of all moral motion, his first resolution was to return to his apartments, and leave every thing as he had found it upon his arrival. He had not time, however, to execute this resolution ; for our young traveller happened in this moment to open his eyes, and to recognise his friend and tutor. He was immediately conveyed to his lodgings and his wound was found to be less dangerous than was imagined. In a word, the strength of his constitution, and, to do him justice, the fortitude with which he supported a most painful operation, at length succeeded ; and in a few weeks after his confinement, his health was fully restored.

You may think, perhaps, that an affair of a nature so fatal, might

have produced a reformation in his manners and pursuits ; but our traveller was too much a man of fashion to be long affected by what he considered as an accident of fortune.—“ As to the husband, I shot him fairly,” said he, “ as he would have wished to have shot me :—as to the wife, plague take her for a fool, she shot herself !—In what have I offended ?”

In this manner did he reconcile himself to the fatal effects of his duel and amour ; nor did his tutor hesitate to give his assent to this logic. Our traveller, therefore, was restored to peace as to health.

From Paris he departed towards Italy, and Rome soon became the scene of his pleasures, and the admiring spectatress of his folly. A daughter of one of the most noble families had taken the vows but a few weeks previous to his arrival ; her beauty was the subject of general conversation, and her voluntary desertion from a world whose pleasures she appeared so formed to taste, was equally the subject of surprise and applause. Our travellers had undertaken their tour for no other purpose than to see in every country what was most singular ;—could any thing, therefore, be more natural than their anxiety to behold this female miracle ?

It was thus that the Scotch tutor encouraged the desire which his pupil expressed to gratify this laudable curiosity. This gentle-

man, indeed, like many others of the same class, was one of the most complaisant of men, and had such a laudable regard to the pleasures and even the caprices of his young companion, that, whatever might be the profligacy or wickedness of any of his proposals, it was sufficient for him that it was proposed ; he delayed not to lend his heart and hand to its accomplishment : such was this worthy tutor !

Our young traveller, therefore, whom I shall hereafter call by the name of the *Man of the Mode*, for you must acknowledge that he has well merited this appellation, had no sooner expressed his desire to rally the nun, than his tutor contrived the means of their first interview. In a word, the Man of the Mode scaled the walls of the convent garden, and appeared, to her surprise and terror, at the feet of the lady : she had the spirit, however, to repulse him with merited disdain.

The Man of the Mode was too accustomed to these first defences, to be thus diverted from his pursuit : he had recourse to other means—he bribed her attendants, her companions, and even her confessor. By the perfidy of her confidant, he at length concealed himself in her dormitory. The nun had no sooner retired to her bed, than he appeared upon his knees at her side ; his tears, his oaths, his tender and passionate address at length excited her pity, and she suffered herself to be persuaded not to sum-

mon the convent to her assistance. As the portress, however, according to the rules of the house, had locked on the outside the door of the dormitory, it was impossible he should retreat; the nun was therefore contented with commanding him to the furthest part of her chamber. The Man of the Mode obeyed; his feelings, however, were too great to be restrained; he burst into tears, and took care that he should not be unheard. The nun endeavoured to console him; in a word, her heart was softened, her vows forgotten, and she fell a victim to his seduction! The intercourse continued for some months, when, to their mutual terror, the unhappy nun became pregnant!

The laws of the Holy See condemn to the most cruel death the breach of chastity; nor was our traveller himself exempt from the same penalty. It is impossible, therefore, to describe the mutual terror of the parties upon this discovery of the consequences of their amour. There appeared, however, but one means of escape—that of flight: upon this, therefore, they mutually resolved; and it was agreed that it should be put in execution the same evening:—the nun was to be in the gardens of the convent at an appointed time; her lover was to scale the walls, and receiving her in his arms break open a gate, and depart for England. By this expectation the fears of the lady were in some degree softened; and after a repeated flood of

tears, as if divining what was to happen, suffered her lover to depart.

(To be Concluded next week.)

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES INTO THE ORIGIN AND DIVERSITIES OF COSTUME.

(Continued from P. 343.)

ANN.

THE ladies wore the hair in a becoming manner, curled round the face. The flowing coif, or rather veil, of the finest linen, fastened upon the head, fell behind, and prevailed till the high projecting head-dress was restored, after it had been discontinued fifteen years. Swift observed, when dining with Sir Thomas Hanmer, that the Duchess of Grafton, who was there, and wore this unbecoming, ungraceful, Babel head-dress, looked "like a mad woman."

The large necklace was still used, though not constantly worn, but the ear-ring was discontinued. The bosom was either entirely exposed, or merely shaded by gauze, an indecency that gave great and equal offence to prudent fathers, and ladies whose necks no longer vied in whiteness with the down of swans.

The chemise had a tucker, or border, but that seldom concealed what it ought to have hid. The

boddice was open in front, and fastened with gold or silver clasps, or jewellery ; the sleeves full.

The large tub hoop made its appearance in this reign, and was of all things the most absurd ; however, the apology for its absurdity was its coolness in summer, by admitting a free circulation of air. Granger says, 'it was no more a petticoat than Diogenes' tub was his breeches.'*

The flounces and furbelows that began in this reign, became enormously ridiculous. Embroidered shoes continued in fashion ; and both ladies and gentleman had their gloves richly embroidered.

Queen Ann strictly observed decorum in her dress, and is said to have carried it so far as to appear to have made it her study ; and would often condescend to observe in her domestics of either sex, whether a ruffle, or perriwig, or the lining of a coat were appropriate. Lord Bolingbroke was once sent for in haste by the Queen, and went to her majesty in a ramillie, or tye-wig, instead of a full-bot-

tomed one ; which so offended his sovereign, that she said, 'I suppose that his Lordship will come to court the next time in his night-cap.'

GEORGE I.

The female sex generally alter their modes of dress most ; but as there was no queen in Great Britain, and as the ladies who accompanied his majesty were neither by birth, propriety of conduct, age, or beauty, qualified to make any impression in point of fashion in this country where they were generally unpopular, their influence did not operate much towards effecting an alteration in female dress or decorations of any kind. Nevertheless, the ladies still reduced their shape, as if to represent some of those insects which seem to have the two ends held together only by a slender union. But the consequence of this tapering was deformity and ill-health ; in vain did a Venus de Medicis prove that there is a due proportion to be observed by nature ; in vain was it allowed that, amongst unclothed Africans, a crooked woman was as great a rarity as a straight European lady. To Mademoiselle Pantine, a mistress of Marshal Saxe, the world was obliged for that stiffened paste-board case called a *pantine*, by which an universal compression ensued, to the destruction of the fine symmetry of the female form, as designed by nature.

* Swift says, in one of his letters to his friend in Ireland—"Have you got the whalebone petticoat among you yet ? I hate them ; a woman here may hide a modern gallant under them" Henry IV. of France, it is well known, was saved from assassination, by hiding himself under his queen's (Margaret of Valois) hoop. Every thing, however preposterous, may be made useful.

Spanish broad cloth, trimmed

with gold lace, was still in use for ladies' dresses; and scarfs, greatly furbelowed, were worn from the Duchess to the peasant, as were riding-hoods on horse back, and the masks, which continued in use till the following reign, to shield the face from the summer's sun, and the winter's wind.

From a London Magazine.

STERNE.

The avidity with which the minutest circumstances which can be redeemed from time, relative to the great writers of the last, and early in the present century, are received, and the regret we are continually expressing at the remissness of our ancestors in these particulars, render it matter of surprise that the public are not oftener gratified with anecdotes of eminent men while it is yet possible to obtain them, and before they are corrupted by oral transmission. Of the author of the *Sentimental Journey*, we cannot have too many genuine particulars; and of his faithful attendant, whose pleasantries have so often arrested our attention, we shall not be unwilling to hear something more. La Fleur has lately been in London, and from his mouth the following circumstances have been detailed.

STERNE'S LA FLEUR.

NUMBER I.

Whatever stripes of ill-luck La Fleur may have met with in his journeyings, there is no index in his physiognomy to point them out—he is eternally the same.

STERNE.

HE who wrote the above was a profound observer upon man.—

The hilarity and unsuspecting promptitude of La Fleur's character attached him at first sight: he acknowledges to have received many a lesson from the cheering contentment about him, which, whatever might press hardly, always bore him up, and set him speedily upon his feet again.

Where youth, with attendant health, is to fight against assailing misfortune, the contest will be perhaps long; but time, that changes all, here too operates his mutations—La Fleur is no longer the same.

He is spare in his habit, and his eye has lost its vivacity; his body seems to bend under a burden too much for his strength. Continued ill success has followed him through the world, and one shock which he has suffered will be scarcely surmounted now.

What that is, shall be told in the following narrative, which comes before the public as it came to the ear of the writer, simple and undorned.

LA FLEUR was born in Burgundy.—That fate, which, it seems, condemned him to wander incessantly through life, very early indeed agitated his breast. He conceived, when a mere child, a strong passion to see the world; at eight years of age, therefore, he ran away from his parents. His *prevenancy* was a passport to him. Somebody or other always took him in. His

wants were easily supplied—milk, bread, and a straw bed among the peasantry, were all he wanted for the night ; and in the morning he wanted to be on his way again.

La Fleur had attained his tenth year, when one day he found himself upon the Pont-Neuf, at Paris. With the discursive curiosity of a boy, to whom every thing is new, he looked with innocent wonder at the varieties around him.—There were others who kept as keen a look-out as himself, and a drummer soon accosted him, and with that picture the military knows so well how to display, easily enlisted him in the service.

For six years La Fleur beat his drum in the French army ; two years more would have entitled him to his discharge : he preferred, however, anticipation, and, in pursuance of his early practice, from the army he run away.

He changed his drummer's frock with a peasant, and made his escape with ease. He had again recourse to his old expedients, and they brought him to Montreuil.

There he introduced himself to Varenne, who fortunately took a fancy to him. The little accommodations that he needed were given him with cheerfulness, and, as what we sow we wish to see flourish, this worthy landlord promised to get him a master ; and as the best he deemed not better than La Fleur merited, he promised to re-

commend him to *un Milord Anglois*. He fortunately could perform as well as promise, and he introduced him to Sterne, ragged as a colt, in the height, however, of health and hilarity, awed by a reverence of imaginary rank, and hoping for the best.

MILORD, as a proof how erroneously the French combine, La Fleur was long in shaking off. Sterne one day said to him, "*La Fleur, je ne suis pas Milord.*"—"*Mais Monsieur est Anglois.*"—"*Oui, La Fleur, et de plus pauvre Philosophe.*"

The beautiful little picture which Sterne has drawn of La Fleur's amors, is so far true—He was fond of a very pretty girl at Montreuil, the elder of two sisters. Her he afterwards married. This, whatever proof it might be of his affection, was none of his prudence : marriage made him neither richer nor happier than he was before.

She resembles, if she is still living, he says, the Maria of Moulines.

Poor La Fleur discovered that her assistance could go little towards their support. She was a mantua-maker, and her closet application could produce no more than *six sous* a day.—They separated, and La Fleur went again to service.

By her he has had a daughter.

At length, with what little mo

ney he had got together, he returned to his wife, and they went into a public house at Calais, in Royal-street.—There his usual ill-luck attended him. War broke out, and his little business became less. His customers had been usually the English sailors who navigate the packets. He was at length obliged to seek for supplemental aids elsewhere—he left his wife to look after a business which would still have supported her, and again La Fleur made his *grand tour*.

He returned home after some time, but his wife was fled. A strolling company of comedians passing through the town had seduced her from her home, and no tale or tidings of her at all, have since ever reached him.

‘When I pass through Moulins,’ said he, ‘her aged father and mother run out with tears to see me—and saddening each other we fruitlessly weep together.’

“I wish,” exclaims La Fleur, “I may never more pass through that town.”

NUMBER II.

And how sweetly would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear Monk, have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint.

Sterne.

In the first number of these short mentions, it has been told, that, spirited away by the dissolute,

La Fleur's wife had forsaken her duty and her home together—this happened in March, 1783.

La Fleur seems to have in vain endeavoured at acquiescence under his loss.

Seven years have ineffectually flown—he still loves and laments her.

Who was the man that with tricky inanity lengthened out the *Sentimental Journey* of Sterne, by books of dullness, and chapters of licentiousness? Come forth, I have evidence against thee, that what thou hast advanced, is untrue. Italy, God knows! depraved enough with all the emasculate vices of those who exhaust subordinate sin—doomed to collect together *virtu* without virtue, and *cognoscenti* who know every thing but themselves, Italy saw little of Sterne in the Market-place, and, if he saw any thing there at which he grieved, he covered it with a veil, as too dissolute to be tolerated in the pure pages of a British press.

Many in this classic land he found as high in goodness as in greatness—who, proud only in their power to please, opened to him their museums, and welcomed him as he passed. Such were the noble families of Conti, Doria, (ever illustrious) and Santa Cruz.

I hasten now to close the remaining particulars of La Fleur.

From that period when he lost

his wife, he has frequently visited this country, (to whose natives he is extremely partial) sometimes as a servant, at others as an express. Where zeal and diligence were wanted, La Fleur was never wanting yet.

How the writer of this became introduced to him, is already well known.—By much conversation, he has drawn a variety of particulars from him relative to the manners of Sterne, and the authenticity of the personal allusions through his travels—by which the public will be enabled to judge of the splendid fertility of his fancy, either to decorate or design. Much shall be discovered of the habits of one who journeyed through life with *his feelings flying out before him*, and who, writing as he felt, with little regard to the felicities of phrase, or the connexion of his ideas, has obtained, and it is likely will ever hold irresistible sovereignty over the softer affections of the soul.

Ignorance formerly delighted to attribute a profundity to his works, which surely, if it do exist, must be sought and never found. They are valuable as exact draughts from nature, of the foibles and failings that diminish, the piety and philanthropy that exalt, the moral consequence of man.

The levity of Sterne is a lancet that lightly produces a smart, that we blush at while we acknowledge it. The ridicule of Voltaire is ma-

levolent merriment, which applies a caustic to what is festering, and enjoys the pain of its corrosion.

They are both excellent satirists ; but their fate is utterly dissimilar. One is the favourite of the gloomy growler at his species ; he who joys at discovered depravity—the other of that best of men, who can readily find an extenuation for the foibles of other characters, in the faults that he feels with sensibility about his own.

[To be continued.]

For the Lady's Miscellany.

IT is not easy to define wherein consists the essence of intellectual pleasure, but without attempting any logical demonstration, I shall venture to assert that pleasure is exquisite in proportion to its remoteness from sense. This proposition must be sufficiently obvious to those who have ever employed their understandings in the discovery of truth, who have journeyed in the delightful paths of science, and explored the wonders of the material and moral creation. The mass of mankind have not leisure to penetrate the recondite depths of science, and of course can form no very adequate idea of the delight which the mind receives in its excursions over the vast and luxurious fields of knowledge ; with them the pleasures of sense must predominate over the plea-

asures of reason, and the bounds of their information be circumscribed by the objects of their immediate pursuit. All, however, are not doomed to such humble attainments, nor has fate inauspiciously denied to all a greater enlargement of knowledge : a host of radiant genius has through successive ages blazed amidst the benighted gloom of surrounding ignorance, from among whom many could be produced who have left testimonies of that delight which is attendant on the exercise of the rational faculties. HEINSIUS, the celebrated librarian of Leyden, when he shut himself up in the library among so 'many divine souls,' professed the utmost pity for "the rich and covetous" who were strangers to his felicity. CARDAN found such beauty in the study of mathematicks, that he thought it unworthy to compare with it such 'baubles and bubbles' as riches ; and JULIUS SCALIGER protested that he would rather be the author of Lucan, and the ninth Ode of Horace, than wear the imperial crown of Germany. These votaries of learning have probably left few successors to their literary enthusiasm, but I believe all who have enriched their minds with the stores of knowledge, will be ready to acknowledge that they experienced greater pleasure in its acquisition, than they ever drew from the more palpable sources of sense.

Corporeal nature is susceptible of innumerable disorders which

may preclude the possibility of many's sensual gratifications ; we may labour under defectiveness of organs, or be afflicted with the privation of bodily members, the loss of a leg or of an arm, may entail upon us a thousand inconveniences and a thousand pains ; but the intellect can neither be deranged by disorder, wasted by decay, nor extinguished by death. It is said by Johnson, of Milton, after he had lost his sight, that, had it been continued, it could not have greatly subserved the improvement of his mind, as he had diligently employed his vision for this noble purpose. Had this calamity befallen the generality of mankind, it would have inflicted much greater distress than it did upon the famous bard. But Milton, although his frame was perishing, considered that he possessed an imperishable mind ; although he could not see, he could reflect, and reflect with greater intensity of pleasure, from the freedom which he must have enjoyed from diversion by external objects.

Throughout nature, changes are continually succeeding each other ; the skies sometimes frown with tempestuous black, and sometimes smile in azure green ; the surface of the earth is forever changing its aspect, in spring the visible creation is invested with green, we are every where presented with fragrance and flowers, and notes of melody, the summer perfects the imperfect growth of the spring,

the fruit ripens, and the trees bend; autumn seems to be a time of universal mourning, the verdant foilage deserts the plains, and the woods, and the groves, and winter, with its inhospitable blasts, completes the rolling year. The earth is incessantly wheeling on its axis, the celestial bodies are pursuing through the heavens, with restless labour, their ecliptic course, but throughout all the solar revolutions and elemental changes, the soul remains immutable. It is matter of peculiar delight, that amidst the instability of terrestrial objects, there are some things secure from the caprice of accident, and the deprivation of calmity—the pleasures of intellect will last to the end of our mortal being—they will not end with our mortal existence, they will not be commensurate in duration with the sun, and of the moon, but their duration will reach throughout eternity, the spirit, disencumbered of corporal obstruction, will expatiate over the world, and by intuitive perception, penetrate the secrets of nature, and the mysterious government of human affairs, from the beginning of time till its final consummation. I need not dilate on the infinite degradation to which the materialist reduces the human soul, even they degrade it who think it susceptible of permanent delusion—those who like MALEBRANCHE assert that there is no proof of a material world, or those who, like BERKLEY, positively deny its existence. I will not accuse Mr. HUME of

degrading the mind, for he declared that there was none but held that what we called mind, was merely an assemblage of 'thoughts, passions, and emotions.' How much are its pleasures increased, by a conviction of their immortality—by knowing that it shall survive the ruins of its perishable tenement, mount up to ethereal altitude, and continue a delightful progression from one attainment of knowledge, to another, throughout interminable ages.

That however the pleasures of intellect are inferior to the pleasures of virtue, may appear, perhaps, from this simple consideration, that with the highest possible degree of mental acquisition, a man may be completely miserable, while high attainments in virtue, invariably yield him happiness. But the fact is susceptible of demonstration. Our moral faculty applied in examining our practice, is called conscience; this faculty is evidently superior to our bodily appetites, and to the principles of taste, it holds in subjection the other powers of our nature; it is our supreme regulating principle. That we were destined chiefly for action, will not be disputed, when it is considered that our happiness depends rather on what we do than on what we know. Virtuous action is therefore our chief end, for virtue is that which conscience approves, and whatever contradicts the supreme regulating principle

of any system, must be hostile to its nature.

SYLVANUS SOMERE.

New-York, April 4—1808

VARIETY.

From the Lounger's Common-Place Book.

FORTY years have almost elapsed since the following picture of the manners of the English capital was sketched ; how far it is applicable to our present circumstances, it is not my business or inclination to decide.

“The first and principle article of town-effeminacy, is that of dress, which, in all its variety of modern excess, is too low for serious animadversion ; yet in this, must every man, of every rank and age, employ his mornings, who pretends to keep good company. The wisest, the most virtuous, the most polite, if defective in these exterior and unmanly delicacies, are avoided as low people, whom nobody knows, and with whom one is ashamed to be seen.

“No man of fashion can cross the street in which he lives, to dine, without the effeminate covering and conveyance of a chair. Wherever he goes, he meets the same delicacy ; warm carpets are spread under his feet, hangings surround him, doors and windows, nicely jointed, prevent all possibili-

ty of entrance to the rude external air. Vanity lends her aid to the unmanly spectacle ; splendid furniture, a sumptuous sideboard, a train of attendants, an elegant and costly entertainment, for which earth, air, and seas, are ransacked ; expensive wines from the Continent, and the childish vagaries of a whimsical desert, are the supreme pride of the master, the admiration or envy of his guests.

“Luxury is not idle in her province, but shares with her sister Vanity, in the labours of the day. High soups and sauces, every mode of foreign cookery, that can quicken taste, and spur the lagging appetite, is assiduously employed.

“A knowledge of books, a taste in arts, a proficiency in science, was formerly regarded as a proper qualification for a man of elevated condition ; but reading is now sunk into a morning's amusement, 'till the important hour of dress arrives a gentle relaxation from the tedious rounds of pleasure.

But what kind of reading must that be, which can attract or entertain the languid spirit of modern effeminacy, and prevent the insupportable toil of thinking ? Weekly essays, novels, plays, and irreligious pamphlets, together with a general hash of these, served up in some monthly mess of dullness, are the meagre, literary diet, of town and country.

“The principle of honour is ei-

ther lost or totally corrupted, our ambition is trifling, our pleasures are unmanly. In such a general defect of religion and honour, can we expect to find a place for the love of our country? Shew and pleasure, and the means of procuring them, are the main objects of pursuit. The clergy need not blush that they have fallen with the fame, the manners, and the principles of their country; the worthy part of them cannot aspire to truer glory, than to have become objects of contempt to those who are the contempt of Europe."

IDLENESS AND INDUSTRY.

IDLENESS is the hot-bed of temptation, the cradle of disease, and the canker-worm of felicity. In a little time, to the man who has no employment, life will have no novelty; and when novelty is laid in the grave, the funeral of comfort will enter the church-yard. From that moment it is the shade, and not the man, who creeps along the path of mortality.—On the contrary, what solid satisfaction does the man of diligence possess! What health in his countenance! What strength in his limbs! What vigor in his understanding! With what a zest does he relish the refreshments of the day! With what pleasure does he seek the bed of repose at night! It is not the accidental hardness of a pillow, that can make him unhappy, and rob him of sleep. He earns his maintenance, and he enjoys it. He has

faithfully laboured in the day, and the slumbers of the night are a sweet retribution to him.—To the diligent man, every day is a little life, and every night is a little heaven. The toil has been honest and the reward is sure.

From a Philadelphia paper.

**A NEW MODE OF ADVERTISING
A WIFE.**

"An enemy hath done this."

Adverse scenes in domestic life, and the cruel interference of others in my family circle, compel me publicly to state, that the woman, who is by law my wife, has been induced to abuse my family. Tho' I cannot consent, hereafter, to be responsible for her contracts, it is far from my feelings to wage war with woman, or add a stain to the reputation of her with whom I have lived with affection. A serpent has beguiled my eye, a worm, contemptible in his native dust, has, however, prevailed to corrode a flower, which I once deemed to have bloomed fair for domestic bliss.

ASAHEL HAWLEY.

AMONG the ancient Assyrians, it was, it is said, a usual custom to assemble together every year, all the girls who were marriageable, when the public crier put them up for sale, one after the other. The most amiable and attracting were first set up at public vendue, and were bought off by the rich at a high price; and the money that

accrued from the sales, was divided among the girls whose persons were disagreeable ; and men in destitute circumstances, or possessing but small property, took the last mentioned class of girls, together with their portions.

Such is the prevailing avarice of the present day, that an attempt to promote matrimony by reviving this old Assyrian custom, would prove ineffectual ; for it is presumed that the rich would sooner take the ugly girls with fortunes, than to give money for such as are amiable.

A Student in a neighbouring University, not many years since, carried a manuscript poem, of his own composition, to the Professor of Languages, for his inspection. The professor, after looking it over, demanded the author's reason for beginning every line with a *capital* ? 'Because it is *poetry*,' replied the student. 'Is it !' says the professor, "*I declare I should not have thought it.*"

Alexander the Great.

WHAT writer is it, who in a strain of figurative licentiousness, speaks in the following manner of this successful general.

"In the luxurious effeminacy of Persia, Alexander forgot Macedonia, the place of his birth, the nursery of himself and his heroes ; and this heroic conqueror, who wept for new worlds, was at last fully

satisfied with the snowy globes of Statira."

I know not if this be a passage from Nathaniel Lee, a writer, whose genius so nearly approaching to, or actually exhibiting insanity, affords such frequent instances of the ludicrous, and the sublime.

To Correspondents. Essay on avarice, next week. The 1st 2d and last verses on the death of a young lady, are too imperfect for publicity. J. P. shall be attended to.

ERRATA.—In our last number, page 362, second column, for *adaption*, read *adaptation* ; page 364, for *fatal malady* dy, read *feral malady*.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Willard, Henry Bedlow, Esq. nephew to Col. Henry Rutgers, of this city, to Miss Julia Halsey, adopted daughter of Dr. Sam. Fairchild, of South Carolina.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Abeel, Benjamin Ferris, Esq. Sherriff of the city and county of New-York, to Miss Ann Maria Schieffelin, daughter of Jacob Schieffelin, Esq. of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Strebeck, capt. James D. Edgar, of Norfolk, to Mrs. Nancy Brightman, of this city.

On Sunday morning last, by Dr. Hobart, capt. Charles Gage, of Portland, to Miss Susan Van Voorhis, daughter of Daniel Van Voorhis, of this city.

POETRY.

CUPID AWAKENED.

As thro' a cool sequestered wild,
The other day I careless stray'd,
I saw, by chance, a blooming child,
Asleep beneath a woodbine shade.

'Twas Cupid's self—for soon I knew
The urchin, by his pleasing air,
His vermeil lips, and rosy hue,
And golden ringlets of his hair.

With cautious steps approaching near,
I well observed his lovely charms;
Examin'd too, without a fear,
His unstrung bow, and barbed arms.

Ah me, I to myself then cry'd,
"Can grace-like this such care create?
Is this the boy I have defy'd,
Who sways with unrelenting hate?"

"Sure under these soft dimpled smiles,
Deception foul can never dwell?
Nor can this face with artful wiles,
The bosom's throbbing pulses swell?"

Thus musing in deep eager thought,
A sigh escap'd my anxious breast,
The god awoke—I pardon sought,
But stern revenge his soul possess'd.

Forth then his odour'd wings he spread,
And from his quiver took a dart;
Twang went the bow—the weapon fled,
All forceful thro' my trembling heart.

"Go now, he cried, to Rosa go,
And pity at her feet implore;
There sigh thy smart and secret woe,
And all thy troubles number o'er.

For captive thou to her shalt be,
Round fast by this bandeau of mine,

And since thou'st dar'd to awaken me,
Keen love shall sway that breast of
thine.

J. B.

MR. COURTIER'S ADDRESS

To his Poem entitled

"PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE"

Go, cherish'd page! and be thy aim,
With soothing numbers to impart
Honour's high pulse, Love's genial
flame;
And charm the bosom's painful smart.

On thee, may pensive Virtue dwell!
On thee, may Beauty sweetly smile!
Nor, to a youthful minstrel's shell,
Gay Hope refuse to list awhile.

Yet, if the frown of cold disdain,
Or malice, thou art doom'd to bear;
Learn, like thy master, to sustain,
What, like him, thou art form'd to
share.

TO A FRIEND,

Who reproaches me of Melancholy.

To me the budding scenes decay (hue
Which glow'd in Fancy's brightest
For Hope's gay spring, and youthful
May,
Ere rapture kind, in haste withdrew!

I saw their quick, unheeding flight,
And would (did prayers but ought
avail)
Have snatch'd them from encircling
night,
And bade the Sun of Peace prevail.

Friendship was mine ; and friends more
warm

The feeling bosom never knew,
Till in Misfortune's pelting storm,
The glow-worms glisten'd from my
view.

Still, Love appeared ; the rosy boy,
With many a festal year entwin'd :
But Love could flatter, to decoy :
And wreck in sport the pensive mind.

Yet vain regret I do not count
Among the number of my woes ;
The sweets of pleasure's fairy mount,
The joy that no abatement knows.

Nature herself must wane and die,
And soaring Genius stoop to dust ;
'Twere impious, then, to waft the sigh,
At once repining and unjust.

The griefs I mourn entrench too deep
Within the foldings of the breast,
For aught, but Death's oblivious sleep,
To give this throbbing spirit rest !
(Courtier.

.....

PRENEZ GARDE MA CHERE.

*Written extempore by a Gentleman, as
he sat by a Lady Drawing on Velvet.*

WHEN female worth and beauty join'd,
Attempts some new and pleasing care
Some art to embellish more her mind,
We smiling say, *prenez garde ma
chere.*

Go on, fair maid, the task begun,
Bid velvet blushing roses bear,
The lily op'ning to the sun,
Still let me say, *prenez garde ma,
chere.*

Those numerous charms which you dis-
play,
So various, vast, without compare,

Sedate, yet lively, good, and gay,
O let me say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

Your charms too powerful to withstand,
Bids every youth confess you fair,
Your worth adore, and court your hand,
I sighing say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

Pale envy lurks beneath my smiles,
Since to aspire I cannot dare,
Yet oh, my friend—of lover's wiles,
Still let me say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

.....

LINES PLACED OVER A SIDEBOARD.

Let social mirth with gentle manners
join,
Unstunn'd by laughter, uninflam'd by
wine ;

Let reason, unimpair'd, exert its powers,
But let gay fancy strew the way with
flowers.

Far hence the wag's and witling's scu-
rile jest,
Whose noise and nonsense shock the de-
cent guest :

True wit and humour such mean helps
decline,
Nor will the Graces owe their charms
to wine.

Fools fly to drink, in native dullness
sunk :
In vain—they're ten times greater fools
when drunk !

Thus free from riot, innocently gay,
We'll neither wish nor fear our final day

.....

EPIGRAM.

Sir Prim, a doughty man of war,
Who lik'd to see the foe from far ;
Once being in a lonely place,
Shew'd signs of fear in limbs and face :
His friend perceiving him look pale,
Cries ' captain, does your courage fail ?'
The hero stily does deny
The charge, and makes this bold reply ;
" I dread not man, nor sword, nor gun,
But zounds ! I'm lame and cannot run."